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## Horticultural.

## BIOLOGY IN ALLEGAN COUNTY.

At a recent meeting of the Allegan County Horticultural Society, held at the home of A. J. Warner, in Monterey, Dr. H. L. Turner, of Wayland, read a paper upon "The Relation of Fruit to Health," which was followed by a paper upon the culture of the apple, by the Secretary of the Society, after which the discussion ranged over topics relating to apples, raspberries and grapes. We make a few extracts from the report of the *Allegan Gazette*:

A. J. Bracelin inquired if any one had successfully pruned his apple orchard, while young, that only a large pruning knife was required to do the work, as stated in the paper.

Mr. LaFleur—Although the statement may not be entirely practical, nor literally true, yet it is true and practical for the first years, and is thrown in to illustrate the importance of attending to these things while the trees are young. Use the knife as you can; but when necessary, use the saw remembering always to use good, practical results.

Charles Manwaring—To be able to form perfect tops, one should understand the habits of the different varieties and prune accordingly. We should aim to assist nature to carry out her design in forming perfect tops to trees.

J. H. Wetmore—When I set my apple orchard I made some mistakes, first, in not securing the right varieties; next, in planting too far apart, 33 feet apart (I should not now set less than 30 feet); next, I formed the heads too low and cut out some of the leaders to form open, spreading tops. I should now head the trees higher, especially the Greening, and never cut out the main leaders but let them grow more as nature indicated. The Greening, on my soil, has been one of the most profitable varieties. I would now set Baldwin, Stark, Greening, and Hubbardston.

Charles Manwaring—Although Mr. Wetmore's trees were headed too low at the start, they were improved soon after by good pruning; and the lower limbs cut away, so that now, taking the orchard altogether, it would be hard to find one with better formed tops.

W. J. Shirley—Is the Ben Davis tree profitable, or is it advisable to set that variety for market, on sandy soil? I have seen it bearing, while young, large crops of fine-looking fruit which sells readily in market. The tree is very hardy. The quality is not the best in the fore part of winter, but in May and June they are at their best.

A. J. Bracelin—I would not set Ben Davis, and would not advise others to set that variety. Its advocates claim that the tree is hardy, commences to bear young, and sells well in market. This may all be true, but the quality is poor and in time will be condemned. The paper just read claimed that the public taste is being educated up to a higher standard in quality. I think giving the public Ben Davis apples to eat would be educating the public taste in the wrong direction. There are plenty of good apples which can be grown in this section. Why not grow good fruit when we can?

Mr. LaFleur—There has been more discussion over the merits of the Ben Davis apple than any other grown here. I think the whole thing may be summed up like this: Tree a good grower, hardy and prolific; early bearer; fruit attractive in color; good size; a long keeper, improving in quality with age; sells well in market at present; it may continue to sell readily for many years, or it may not. We know what it is doing at present; we can only speculate as to its future.

A. J. Bracelin—Is the Steele's Red apple a distinct variety? I have heard this disputed.

J. H. Wetmore—I have what is called Steele's Red. It is different from the Baldwin or Red Canada.

J. M. Granger—Will Mr. LaFleur give his opinion?

Mr. LaFleur—The Red Canada has been called Steele's Red improperly; it is only a synonym. The Baldwin at one time was called Steele's Red, sometimes, by nurserymen; this too is incorrect. The name should never be applied to either the Red Canada or the Baldwin. There is no distinct variety known as Steele's Red, except some local name applied to some variety, the true name of which is unknown. This misleads and confuses. If we do not know the correct name of an apple we should find out what it is before giving a local name.

J. M. Granger was next called out, and he began by saying his theory of starting an apple orchard was radically different from those marked out by Messrs. LaFleur and Wetmore, and he thought would be much more profitable, with but a trifling increase in outlay for trees to start with. In the first place, he would seek ten acres of rich, fertile land, somewhat elevated, with a naturally dry soil, just rolling enough to carry the water off readily. As soon in spring as it would answer, he would plow it deeply and harrow the surface fine, then stake out the ground so as to leave the trees sixteen feet apart when set. He would set every alternate row to Wagener and the balsano to Rhode Island Greenings, Baldwins, Spies, and a few of the choicest varieties of summer and fall apples. He would set the trees about the same depth in the ground they were in the nursery, but in after cultivation would raise the earth up some around every tree, so as to throw the water from them. At time of setting he would trim to whipsnakes, head back a little, and plant corn for two or three years, giving clean tillage, and by setting fertilizers keep up the fertility of the soil.

The third year from setting, the Wagener, I think, will begin to bear. The fifth year I should expect to gather one-fourth of a bushel from each tree, or an average of about amount. The sixth year, one-half bushel; seventh, one bushel; eighth, two bushels; ninth, three bushels; tenth, four bushels; making a total of 10½ bushels to a tree—say three barrels of first-class packing apples, selling at \$1 net per barrel and 1½ bushels of seconds at 10c, 17 cents, making \$3.17 from each tree, and from 1,600 trees (the entire orchard) the sum sum of \$5,080 for the first ten years. As fast as the trees get large enough to crowd each other, take them out, beginning with the little Wagener and keeping up this thinning process as needed

until you finally leave the trees 64 feet apart, freely admitting air, light, sunshine, and all the recuperative forces in nature, to sustain a long, fruitful old age; and as they yearly lay their rich fruitage at the door of the husbandman, it will rejoice his heart and fill his purse." Mr. President, I have much more to say; but, realizing I have already occupied too much of your valuable time, will stop. Before quitting I would say, plant a row all around the farm, two rods apart.

H. G. Buck—The first season after setting, I cultivate raspberry plants and let them grow without much pinching off, but the second year I cut back to within two feet, then pinch back; this induces plenty of laterals ready for the next season's crop, keeps the plant stocky and self-supporting. I cut out the old canes in the spring; leaving them in over winter helps support the new growths and keeps them in place. The Taylor blackberry is one of the best. It is hardy and prolific, quality good.

J. M. Granger—I think there is as much money in evaporated raspberries as there is in selling by the quart from the bushes. Large quantities are evaporated in the east. The dry fruits sell for eighteen to twenty cents per pound. It takes three quarts of berries to make one pound of dried fruit.

Wm. Schub—I have a small planting of gooseberries which has paid me as well, if not better, than most all other small fruits. I find ready sale for them. They are hardy and produce large crops. I have recently visited Mr. Hayes, of Talmadge, Ottawa County, who has an extensive vineyard of Niagara grapes. I there saw some of the finest clusters of that variety of grape I have ever seen. Mr. Hayes follows the Kniffin system, using two wires, the lower one three and a half feet from the ground, the upper wire nearly seven feet high. The vines are twelve feet in the row and the rows ten feet apart. Only one main stalk is allowed to grow. All laterals are kept off below the lower wire, but at this point two laterals are allowed, one on either side. These form the arms for the lower wire. The main vine is then continued to the upper wire, forming two arms, one running each way. These are kept closely pruned and pinched back. Only the desired number of clusters is allowed for each vine. I only saw the older vines, or one part of his vineyard. I understand he has changed or improved upon the first setting. I am much pleased with Mr. Hayes' manner of growing and handling his vines.

Mr. Strong—Is there not another system for training vines, in tree form, so they become self-supporting, which does not require a wire trellis?

Mr. LaFleur—When I was in southern Missouri I found nearly all the grapes grown upon the tree or self-supporting system. It is also practiced to some extent in Michigan, when the vines are strong and old enough. It takes many years for a vine to become self-supporting. I too visited Mr. Hayes' vineyard. I like his method of handling his vines and shall follow it so far as I am able to do in growing my own vines. Something over one half of Mr. Hayes' 5,000 vines are six feet apart in the row. This gives one whole wire to each vine for every twelve feet.

## THE WORDEN GRAPE.

Among the popular new grapes the Worden is pressing steadily forward. At our county fair this fall, I entered it for the best single plant and was awarded the grand prize. Another grape man entered the Niagara for the best single plant and variety and was very much disappointed at not getting the premium on it. That I entered it as the best single variety shows the high esteem I have for it. And while I believe it will become a prominent market grape in the future, I do not see that it will supersede the Concord. The Worden ripens at the latter end of the peach season, and it has been my experience, for many years, that grapes sell but slowly at that time and only a moderate quantity can be disposed of. The real market for grapes begins when the peach crop is out of the way. October is the month when the bulk of the grape crop is disposed of. The Concord is then in its prime, but the Worden is past that stage and as it ripens fully 10 days before the Concord and does not keep well after its prime, it cannot replace the Concord to be grown on a large scale.

JACOB GANZHOORN.

ANN ARBOR, October 15, 1890.

## Who Will Give the Information.

Wanted, Oct. 30, 1890.  
To the Editor of the Michigan Farmer.  
Wishing to set out an orchard of both apples and peaches, would like to inquire through the *FARMER* the most profitable variety to set for market, also the proper size of trees. Soil clay loam. Truly yours,  
GEO. W. MERRILL.

## Picking and Keeping Fruits for Family Use.

This article is intended more especially for farmers and others who grow their own fruit and wish to lengthen the period as possible through which fruit may be kept in a fresh state for family use. Apples, first in importance, may be kept in good condition until midsummer, or until the new fruit is ready for use. It is a common practice among the farmers to sell all their apples that the packers can be prevailed upon to put up for shipment and keep the culls for their own use. Such fruit is usually either small, imperfect specimens, or injured by the codling moth, and will not keep well; hence, long before the new crop comes in apples have altogether disappeared from their tables. Does it not appear like a mistake economy to dispose of all the first-class? A few bushels of first-class Northern Spys, Kings, Greenings, Baldwins, Russets, etc., should be carefully gathered as soon as ripe and packed away for use in late winter and spring. So much benefit and pleasure can thus be derived that it should be the rule, and not the exception, as at present.

Apples to keep well and be of the best flavor must be picked as soon as ripe (this may be known by the stem parting readily from the tree) and kept in a cool, damp place. If a good cellar is available they may be taken directly to it. Shelves may be made any convenient length and width, with sides five or six inches wide. These shelves may be placed one above another with just sufficient room between to handle the fruit, say ten inches. Fruit in this way may be looked over often with little difficulty and any decaying apples, taken out. Nearly all

varieties keep splendidly on shelves. The russet family, however, does not; they shrivel badly and should be kept in tight boxes or barrels. Another good method of storage is to make boxes about ten inches deep, sixteen inches wide and two feet long. These will hold about one and a half bushels. Place the fruit intended to be kept longest in the bottom boxes. When one box is filled place another on top, which answers in place of a cover, and continue until the required number are filled. This method has some advantage over the shelves, as the fruit in one box must be used before another is accessible, while with shelves it too often happens that the finest samples disappear too rapidly, leaving the sample inferior late in the season. This is especially true where a family of children have daily access to them.

The condition required to keep apples perfectly is a cool, damp atmosphere, with the temperature just about freezing and as uniform as possible, and good ventilation. Where a cellar is not obtainable the old fashioned method of burying in the ground may be adopted. It is doubtful if any other method now practised will keep fruit as perfectly for use in spring. It must, however, be properly done or the result will not be satisfactory. Select a dry spot, place a layer of straw to a depth of not less than six inches under the fruit and eight to ten inches deep over it; this will be sufficient to absorb the moisture arising from the fruit and prevent them from having any odor or taste of the soil. Cover the straw with earth to the depth of two or three inches at first, leaving the straw exposed at the top for ventilation. This may be covered with boards to prevent rain penetrating. As cold weather comes on cover with more soil and coarse manure just deep enough to prevent freezing. In the milder sections where the fruit often ripens early, it is best to gather as soon as it is ripe and lay in heaps in the shade of the trees with a slight covering of straw, then to remain until there is danger of frost, when it can be placed in pits as directed above.—  
W. W. HILBORN, in *Farmers' Advocate*.

## Farm Orchards.

A correspondent of the *Rural Home* has some very true ideas about the orchards on the premises of the ordinary farmer. After stating the usual complaint about unprofitableness, etc., he says:

"When tempted to complain of how little his trees have done for him the average farmer will do well to consider what he has done for the trees. If he would do this with a reasonable degree of care his complaints would speedily cease. He would find that neglect to properly care for the trees and failure to thin the fruit when too large a quantity was set were at the foundation of the failure to secure paying crops. I have seen a great many farm orchards but have found very few indeed which have at all times received the attention which they deserved. And I am free to confess that I have never taken care of my own trees as I ought to have done. Over-bearing and low prices one year followed by a failure of the crop the next season has been a not uncommon experience, but, after all, when the labor and fertilizers are taken into the account the trees have, on an average, paid about as well as any of my farm crops.

"In too many farm orchards the trees are almost wholly neglected. They are set, occasionally a woman's work to remove but too often it is left alone, a little pruning is done during the spring, and at intervals of several years a little manure is spread upon the land. There are a great number of farm orchards in this country upon which no work or expense of any consequence are bestowed except what is involved in gathering the fruit in bearing years. It can hardly be a matter of surprise that such orchards are not very profitable. Farmers do not expect a totally neglected corn field to produce a large crop and do not look for a heavy yield of hay on land that has been long cropped without being manured. Yet it would be just as reasonable to expect good crops of corn or hay without cultivation or manure as it is to look for fine crops of fruit without doing anything to produce them. And, to make the matter worse than it appears at first glance, most of the land ostensibly devoted to trees is kept in grass and a crop of hay is removed from it every year. Every one who attempts to grow fruit, either for home use or to sell, needs to keep prominently in mind the fact that fruit trees need to be fed and cared for as well as plants and he can rest assured that they will make good returns for all the care and fertilizers they receive.

"When a man who has carefully and regularly pruned his trees, kept them free from insects, given them all needed cultivation, and used fertilizers liberally—when such a man complains (if such a one ever should complain) that his orchard is unprofitable it will be in order to give him a careful and respectful hearing. But most of us who find fault with our orchards can make no valid claim for sympathy. The trouble of which we have no such much to say is due far more to our imperfect methods and our general neglect than it is to any defect in the trees or any inherent difficulty in the business of fruit-growing."

## How to Grow and Harvest Nutmegs.

Many persons have failed to get any results after planting in hot and forcing houses the nutmegs bought in the stores. The process by which nutmegs are prepared for commerce shows that only those nutmegs that are in the natural state can be used for raising trees. The nutmeg tree is of a majestic growth, as it attains a height of fifty feet. The leaves are of a fine green on the upper surface and gray beneath. They are handsome in the outline and broad in proportion to the length. When the trees are about nine years old they begin to bear. They are dioecious, having male or barren flowers upon one tree, and female or fertile upon another. The flowers of both are small, white, bell-shaped and without calyx. The embryo fruit appears in the female flower in the form of a little reddish knob.

When ripe it resembles in appearance and size a small peach, and then the outer rind, which is about half an inch thick, bursts at the side and discloses a shining black nut, which seems the darker from the contrast of the leafy network of a fine red color with which it is enveloped. The latter forms the mace of commerce, and, having been laid to dry in the shade for a short time, is packed in cases and pressed together very tightly. It takes 100 pounds of nutmegs to make one

pound of mace. The shell of the nut is larger and harder than that of the almond, and could not, in the state in which it is gathered, be broken without injuring the nut. On that account the nuts are successively dried in the sun and then by fire heat till the kernel shrinks so much as to rattle in the shell, which is then easily broken. After this the nuts are three times soaked in seawater; they are then laid in a heap, where they heat and get rid of their superfluous moisture by evaporation. This process is pursued to preserve the substance and flavor of the nut, as well as to destroy its vegetative power.

The tree cannot be raised from the nutmegs of commerce. The kernel, or nutmeg, contains both a fixed oil, which is obtained by pressure—a pound generally yielding three ounces—and a transparent, volatile oil, which may be obtained by distillation in the proportion of a thirty-second part of the weight of nutmeg used. The outer rinds are likewise not without use to the natives on the Banda Islands. They are laid in large heaps and allowed to putrefy. They give origin to a blackish mushroom, which is esteemed as a great delicacy. In Singapore the natives make a chutney pickle with the rind. Nutmegs grow all the year round, and require a hot, moist climate. Each tree produces about twelve pounds.

## The Best Raspberries.

The Ohio Experiment Station has been making observations on the merits of the different varieties of raspberries and blackberries, and after comparing notes, this is the report:

Nearly the same varieties stand at the head of the list as held that position five years ago.

Of the black-caps, the best that can be named are Tyler, Ohio, Hilborn, and Gregg, given in the order of earliness. The Farmer is much like the Tyler, perhaps, being an improvement in vigor and productiveness.

The best of the red sorts are Marlboro, Shaffer, Reliance, and Cuthbert. The best for home use of the whole list is Shaffer. A variety called the Muskingum resembles the Shaffer and is superior to it for market purposes, being finer, but is no better for home use. Neither the Reliance nor the Cuthbert succeed in all localities, but where they are at home are very profitable. The Cuthbert is the latest of the reds, and the Tyler the earliest of those named. Thompson's Early Pride, a variety not fully tested, is very early and quite promising.

The best blackberries that can be named are Snyder, Taylor, Agawam, Ancient Briton and Erie. Snyder and Ancient Briton are the hardiest, hence the most reliable of those named. Taylor and Erie are larger but less hardy. Agawam is the sweetest one on the list. Some call it insipid, while many prefer it to any other variety.

## Celery Farms.

Among a number of special investigations being made in the Division of Agriculture of the Census Office, is that of "truck farming," which is distinct from market gardening in that the truck farmer raises one or more special crops in large quantities, in sections where the soil and climate are particularly favorable, and the product is shipped to distant markets; whereas the market gardener, even though his operations are carried on upon a large scale, produces crops for his near-by city market. Celery is one of the specialties on a number of truck farms, and the figures already brought out are interesting. In the vicinity of Akron and Canton, Ohio, over 500 acres are devoted to celery. The Kalamazoo celery district comprises over 1,500 acres, being cultivated by some 300 families. The celery farms, as a rule, run in size from one-fourth to ten acres each, but there is one of 60 acres. The crop is boxed and shipped by rail to all portions of the United States.

## Cultivation of Plants by Artificial Light.

The experiments in the cultivation of plants under the electrical light, recently made by the botanical department of the Cornell University, have given some curious and interesting results, and results which are in some respects confirmatory of some what similar experiments not long ago reported from Russia. The first and most noticeable effect of the treatment is an enormously increased rate of growth. The plants which are lighted seem to work day and night, and to "run very much to leaf." Vegetables shoot up very quickly, and peas in a few weeks are two or three times as tall as those planted at the same time in daylight. In the case of seeds and fruits of any kind, however, the results are entirely different, and the plants which had grown slowly and by daylight were ahead. It was observed that in every instance the reproductive powers of the plant were strongly affected, being sacrificed to mere foliage and rapidity of increase in general size.

## Cranberry Crop in New Jersey.

One of the principal industries just now in South Jersey is the gathering of the cranberry crop, and thousands of people are busy picking the berries. The crop is considered the largest ever grown in the State and the berries are of good size and fine flavor. Cranberries were shipped from South Jersey as far back as fifty years ago, but the berries were small and lacked the flavor which they now possess. Then they grew in the lowlands, the bogs being surrounded by woodlands which greatly retarded the growth of the vine and berry.

The counties in which the berries are grown are Cape May, Atlantic, Ocean, Burlington and Monmouth. The picking began about three weeks ago and will be continued until about the second week in October, when the crop will have been harvested. The growers have to watch very carefully for frost, which, if it once touches the berries, spoils them. The cautious grower will, in case the nights are cold enough for frost, build big bonfires around the bog, and thus try to keep the frost away from the vines. When a cool spell sets in like that of last week, the force of pickers is increased. Most of the pickers are Italians, and they live during the season in barracks erected at the side of the bog.

After the berries are picked they are not immediately shipped to market. Some of the crops are bought up by commission merchants, who do not send for the berries for several weeks after picking, in order that the berries may assume a richer color. When

picked the light pink side of the berry bought in the market is of a greenish-white tint. It is thought that the entire crop in South Jersey this year will amount to 150,000 bushels. The bogs in New Jersey are mostly controlled by stock companies, and over \$2,000,000 are invested in them. They pay an average dividend of about thirteen per cent. It is supposed that cranberries will bring good prices this winter because of the general scarcity of fruit.—*American Cultivator*.

## Horticultural Items.

CALIFORNIA claims a new seedling peach which horticulturists think has a great future before it. It is yet unnamed and is a seedling of the Foster, a free-stone, dry, yellow flesh, a beautiful red cheek on yellow ground, and ripens two weeks ahead of Foster or Early Crawford, and in ripening follows close after Parson's Early or Hind's Surprise.

The healthy tree is easily distinguished. The deeper the green color of the leaves the more thrifty the tree. A yellow color, no matter how slight, indicates that something is wrong. Examinations and comparisons of the trees in the orchard will enable the grower to easily detect any lack of vigor in the trees by the shades of color of the leaves.

THE Kalamazoo *Gazette*, speaking of the display of fruits and vegetables at the Kalamazoo County fair, says: "Mr. Delevan Arnold had an exhibition of Bartlett pears that was a curiosity. The time for Bartlett pears has long since passed and it was a conundrum how Mr. A. had kept the fruit so perfect. He finally stated that he tied paper bags closely around the fruit on the tree, which excluded the air, and then picked his pears when he wanted them."

THE Saginaw *Courier-Herald* tells of a curiosity in the shape of tomato plants grown by a resident of that city. Two plants stand about three feet apart, but on account of the thickness of the foliage they have the appearance of but one. The branches spread out and cover a space ten feet and four inches wide and have grown to the height of 11 feet and five inches. Quite a quantity of tomatoes have ripened and been picked, and at present there is nearly a bushel of green ones. The plants are of the common variety.

SWINDLERS have successfully tried a new dodge in several counties in Indiana this fall. Under the guise of fruit peddlars they sell blight proof pears, tree currants, blue roses and other horticultural monstrosities, claiming to sell by authority and sanction of the State Horticultural Society. They sell Idaho pears at forty cents a tree, whereas the entire genuine stock is in the hands of one person, and his price is five or six times as much. Thousands of common varieties of fruit will be delivered under the name of better sorts to the disappointment of the buyers. Of course the claim to be connected with the State Society is false; State horticultural societies are not in that business.

The committee on small fruits appointed by the Columbus (O.) Horticultural Society reported that until recently the Crescent stood at the head of profitable strawberries for market. Now, however, there are three other close competitors in the list, and of the four varieties it would be difficult to say which stood first. Alphabetically the four varieties referred to are: Bubach, Crescent, Haverland and Warfield. These are all first-class market varieties. No other varieties on the experiment station grounds equal them in productiveness. At first sight it seems a little strange and perhaps unfortunate, that these four varieties should each and every one be imperfect or partial. Yet is not this just what we might reasonably expect? The production of pollen is an exhaustive process. If the vital energies of the plant are expended in this way, certainly we cannot expect as good a result in developed fruit as we can where no pollen is produced. We must remember, however, that in order to get the best results, these imperfect varieties must be well fertilized. Each succeeding year makes a revision of the list of small fruits necessary.

## Scrofula

Is the most ancient and most general of all diseases. Scarcely a family is entirely free from it, while thousands everywhere are its suffering slaves. Hood's Sarsaparilla has had remarkable success in curing every form of scrofula. The most severe and painful running sores, swellings in the neck or groin, humor in the eyes, causing partial or total blindness, yield to the powerful effects of this medicine. It thoroughly removes every impurity from the blood.

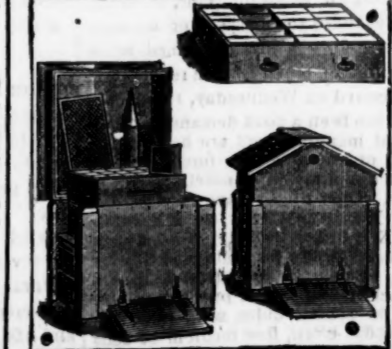
## Scrofula

"My little daughter's life was saved, as we believe, by Hood's Sarsaparilla. Before she was six months old she had 7 running scrofula sores. One physician advised the amputation of one of her fingers, to which we refused assent. When we began giving her Hood's Sarsaparilla, a marked improvement was noticed and by continued use of it her recovery was complete. And she is now, being seven years old, strong and healthy."—  
R. C. JONES, Alma, Lincoln County, Me.

## Hood's Sarsaparilla

Sold by all druggists. \$1; for \$5. Prepared by G. L. HOOD & CO., Apothecaries, Lowell, Mass.

100 Doses One Dollar.



The above cut represents my improved Chain Hye and "K" Super. Send for my illustrated price list of everything needed in the apothecary. My samples "How I Produce Comb Honey," five cents.

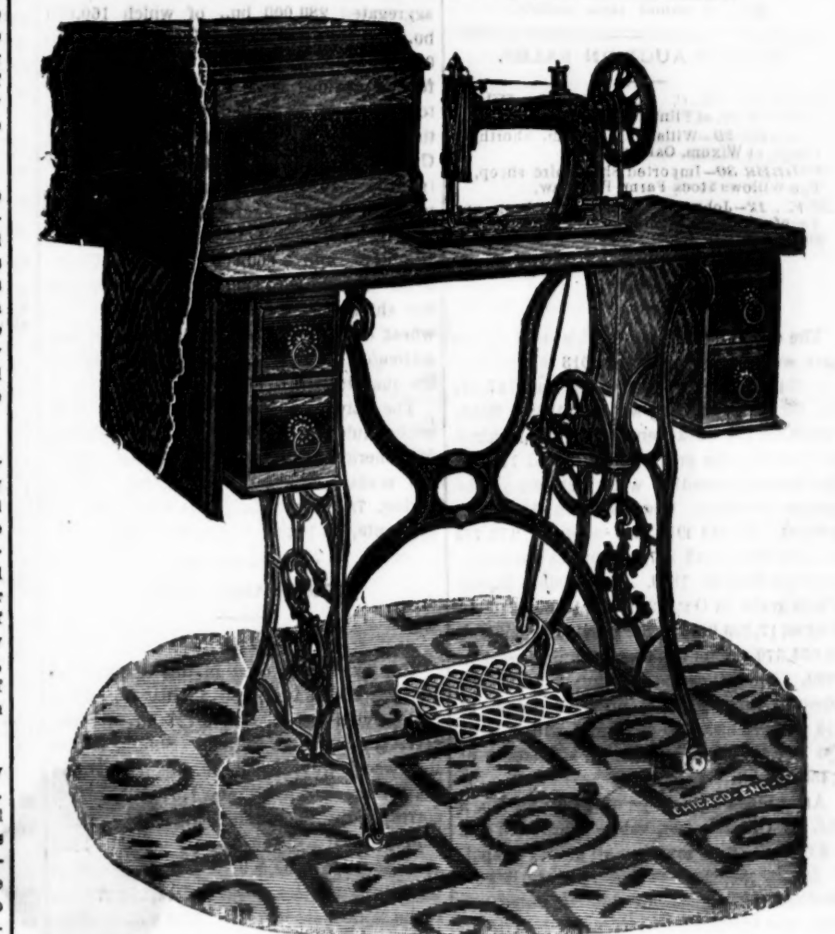
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## DO YOU WANT TO Keep Your Cider Sweet

Use PRESERVINE, absolutely harmless; no taste or smell. For sale by OTTO HANN, 268 Water St., N. Y.

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ONE - THIRD PRICE!!THE NEW AND GREATLY IMPROVED  
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The Finest and Best Made Machine of the Singer Pattern in the market.



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With each of these machines we furnish one Ruffler, one Tucker, one set Hemmers, one Foot Hemmer, one Screw Driver, one Wrench, one Oil Can and Oil, one Gauge, one Gauge Thumb-Screw, one extra Throat-Plate, one extra Check-Spring, one paper Needles, six Bobbins, and one Instruction Book. These articles are all included in the price named. Bear in mind that these machines are thoroughly made and of first-class workmanship, and

## EVERY MACHINE WARRANTED FOR FIVE YEARS.

These machines furnished to subscribers of the *FARMER* for

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Purchaser pays freight, which runs from 65c. to 90c. on each machine, according to location of purchaser.

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## OUR NEW MACHINE

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Manufactured expressly for the MICHIGAN FARMER.

We have Tested all the Machines Manufactured and finally decided on the MICHIGAN as the Simplest in Construction, the Finest in Finish, the Lightest Running, and doing the Best Quality of Work. This decision we arrived at for the following reasons:



1st. All the parts are made of the finest metal, and with the utmost care and precision, and are subjected to the test of an accurate steel gauge, before being assembled.  
2d. It is simple in construction—having few parts, no complication, and not liable to get out of order.  
3d. It is a high arm, giving any room for any kind of work.  
4th. It has a self-setting needle, thereby saving the operator much annoyance. It is very light-running, and not tiresome to the operator.  
5th. It does a wide range of work, either fine or coarse, and both equally as good.  
6th. It has the Fish Patent Loose Balance Wheel, nickel-plated—with Patent-Stop Motion, the most complete arrangement of the kind in use.  
7th. All the running parts of the machine subjected to wear, are made of the finest steel, case-hardened, thereby insuring great durability.  
We furnish with each machine a complete set of attachments, put up in a velvet-lined case, consisting of one Ruffler, one Tucker, one Quilter, one Shirrer, one Brader, one Thread Cutter, one Binder, and one set of Hemmers; also the following accessories: Six Bobbins, one Paper Needles, one Foot Hemmer, two Screw Drivers, one Gauge, one Gauge Thumb-Screw, one extra Throat-Plate, one Oil Can and Oil, and one Instruction Book.

Highly Ornamented Head, Nickel-Plated Balance Wheel, Drop-Leaf Table of Oil-Polished Walnut, Gothic Box Cover with French Veneered Panels, Case of Two Drawers at each end of Table, with Locks and Veneered Fronts.  
These machines will be furnished to subscribers to the *FARMER* for

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Which Includes a Year's Subscription.

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## Poetry.

## AN OLD SWEETHEART OF MINE.

As one who came at evening o'er an album all alone  
And mused on the faces of friends that he has known  
So I turn the leaves of fancy till in shadowy design  
I find the smiling figure of an old sweetheart of mine.

The lamplight seems to glimmer with a flicker of surprise  
As I turn it now to rest me of the daze in my eyes  
And I light my pipe in silence save a sigh that seems to choke  
Its fate with my tobacco and to vanish in the smoke.

'Tis a fragrant retrospection—for the loving thoughts that start  
Into being as like perfume from the blossoms of the heart  
And to dream the old dream over is a luxury divine  
When my trusty fancy wanders with that old sweetheart of mine.

Though I hear beneath my study, like a fluttering of wings,  
The voices of my children and the mother as she sings,  
I feel no twinge of conscience to deny me any charm  
When care has cast her anchor in the harbor of a dream.

In fact, to speak in earnest, I believe it adds a charm  
To spice the good old trifles with a little dust of harm—  
For I find an extra flavor in memory's mellow wine  
That makes me drink the deeper to that old sweetheart of mine.

A face of lily beauty and a form of airy grace  
Float out from my tobacco as the gent from the vase.  
And I thrill beneath the glances of a pair of azure eyes  
As glowing as the summer and as tender as the skies.

I can see the pink sunbonnet and the little checked dress  
She wore when I first kissed her and she answered the caress  
With the written declaration that "as surely as the vine  
Grew around the stump, she loved me"—that old sweetheart of mine.

And again I feel the pressure of her slender little hand  
As we used to talk together of the future we had planned—  
When I should be a poet and with nothing else to do  
But to write the tender verses that she set the music to:

When we should live together in a cozy little cot  
Hid in a nest of roses, with a tiny garden spot;  
Where the vines were ever fruitful and the weather ever blue  
And the birds were ever singing for that old sweetheart of mine.

When I should be her lover forever and a day,  
And she my faithful sweetheart till the golden hair was gray;  
And we should be so happy that when either's lips were dumb  
They should not smile in Heaven till the other's kiss had come.

But ah! my dream is broken by a step upon the stair;  
And the door is softly opened—my wife is standing there.  
Yet with eagerness and rapture all my visions I resign  
To meet the living presence of that old sweetheart of mine.

James Whitcomb Riley.

## Miscellaneous.

## AN ECHO OF YOUTH.

BY DORA REED GOODALE.

The minister, a spare old man, with stiff gray locks, had just uttered the benediction in his slightly nasal drawl, and a mild sense of righteous edification, not necessarily dependent on a strict regard to the sermon, subdued for a moment the rustle and hum of words that rippled through the dispersing congregation. The little boys in the choir clattered down the gallery stairs to the last whirly notes of the psalm organ, while two older girls, fresh-faced farmers' daughters with rosy cheeks, lingered to put the hymn books in place, and let fall a few roguish comments upon the performance for the further confusion of Joseph and 'Lijah, two stalwart youths, who waited awkwardly near, enduring a sort of sweet misery. Below, the matrons settled their bonnets and shawls, pausing to exchange their small morsels of decorous gossip, while one of the deacons might be seen in a back pew resuming the boots which had been temporarily displaced by a large pair of carpet slippers.

"Well it's true," exclaimed a sharp-faced woman with small black eyes. "Mr. Eliza had it straight from Miss Barnstable's lips. It'll be an awful come-down for her, poor thing!" She spoke with a sort of nervous exaltation.

"Too bad!" murmured her neighbor, a comfortable, cooling dame, with her mouth full of pins, who was busily winding the blankets around her baby. "I sh'd think her kin might do something for her," she added, these impediments to conversation being removed.

"Oh, they're all poor as crows, I guess; her father was the only one who could make out to earn more than his keep. I dew wonder she sh'd come back here, where she's visited time an' again, an' where you wouldn't suppose she'd ever hold up her head now," continued the woman, lowering her voice as she emerged on the meeting-house steps, where the parson stood in his well-brushed clerical suit.

"Yes, but they say—why, dear, dear, bless his little heart! Did [the son] make him want to sneeze? Why, precious!" exclaimed her companion, in gentle staccato, tenderly visioning the veil that bounded her infant's vision, while Miss Deborah moved away, more than ever convinced of the drawback attendant on matrimony.

Two persons meantime were going down the broad walk, apparently undisturbed by the curious glances sent after them. The tall girl in a black dress was Flora Hoxson, whose prospects were the subject of so much speculation and head-shaking, and the younger one was Susette, Deacon Patterson's daughter—a maiden after the shepherdess type, whose rose and ivory tints, with the dark eyes and infantine smile, made the beholder with an almost physical pang at the thought that such beauties must fade;

only surely hers will fade into a matronhood of comfortable roundness, with an eye to household expenditures, and kitten-like stratagems.

"Let's turn up the Back Road a ways, and we can have a good talk," exclaimed Flora, as soon as they were beyond the church-yard gate.

"I don't like very well to go walking on Sunday," Susette came to a standstill, and began running her little finger along the top of the fence.

"Nonsense!" said Flora, laughing. "I'll shoulder the responsibility for us both."

And forthwith they set out together up the partly overgrown highway which stretched away to the northward. They had reached a shady part of the road, and begun to walk very slowly, before Susette said, lowering her sunshade.

"Now do tell me everything, Flora."

"Oh, there isn't much to tell," replied Flora, sighing a little. "After the failure father seemed to break down entirely. You know the new firm offered him a position as clerk, and he was dreadful to see him behind the counter, he looked so unhappy, and trembled when customers came; and everything was mortgaged, but he wouldn't have the property sold, because he was always hoping to get back an interest. And then he died, and I made them take all the furniture and the curtains and books, and even that wasn't enough; and once the sheriff came. Oh, Susy, I can't bear to think of it!"

"But what are you going to do now?" asked Susette, breaking a long pause rather tremulously.

"Oh, you must have heard," said Flora, in a different voice, shaking her head as if by throwing off a load of unwelcome memories. "I'm going to be nurse to Mrs. Barnstable's children. You know she's that rich New York woman that comes up here summer. She offered me the place last week, and I asked her to give me till Monday to consider. It's really decided, though."

"Well, I think that's very wrong," exclaimed Susette, energetically. "The idea of your hiring out as a common child's nurse, when you might just as well teach, or do something genteel!" Let's sit down," she added, as they came to a large stone.

"I couldn't teach anything, but a district school, and that wouldn't begin till September. And you know I don't care about books. No, you'll see me next Sunday murching up the church aisle in a white cap and apron. But I won't ask you to bow to me," she ended, with playful irony.

"Oh, Flora, not an apron!" said Susy, in an awe-struck whisper, squeezing out a tear.

"Yes, Mrs. Barnstable especially stipulated for that, though I don't think it's right, for very few people like to be constantly announcing their calling in public. Unfortunately, it didn't occur to her to consult my preferences."

"Oh, Flora," murmured Susette, "do wait a little and make visits, or let your relatives help you; and then perhaps before long some nice man may want you to marry him."

"That's what you'd do, isn't it, Susy?" said Flora, in a tone half pitying, half malicious.

"Well, I would," declared Susy, stoutly. "I do want to marry, and I don't see any harm in saying so—just to you, I mean. You could wait while I asked if you only would, and I'm sure it's a great deal better than disgracing yourself. Yes, really, Flora, I do think it's disgraceful."

"And really, Susy, I don't think it's disgraceful," observed Flora, stiffly. "Nurses are perfectly honorable—and respectable," she announced, rather lamely.

"Well, it would be much nicer to have somebody fond of you," said Susy, positively. She had picked off a quantity of columbines, and was making a bracelet out of the red and yellow horns. "But of course there's always the chance that you won't have an offer," she added, after a moment, for she had not imagination enough to appreciate her own beauty, or at all to calculate the effect that it might produce, and Susy's mind was now straying from her friend's prospects to her own.

"Exactly," said Flora, who had been silently rummaging, with her elbow propping her chin. "And you see that's one reason for—"

"Hush!" whispered little Susette, as steps were heard; and in a moment 'Lijah appeared—'Lijah whom we last saw in the meeting-house gallery, awkwardly shifting his weight from one foot to the other. He was strolling along now, with his hands locked behind (such is the relaxing influence of masculine society), and stealthily studying the face of his handsome but languid companion. The young men raised their hats as they passed the two girls, but their four eyes were fixed on the little one, whose rosy cheeks and childish face appeared relieved against the gray boulder that rose behind her.

"That's the girl!" was telling you about," said 'Lijah in a low voice as they passed out of ear-shot.

"What! the pretty one? Jove! You're a lucky dog!" responded the other, a distant connection up from the city for a holiday. He spoke from a good-natured impulse of sympathy, but poor Susy went up to a bound in 'Lijah's esteem, and he began to think now that he would propose to her at the coming Sunday-school picnic, for it is not only the shallow pates of our girls that are visited by an infatuated regard for the opinion of those whose opinions are valuable.

While this little comedy was going forward, another couple had come slowly down the church steps, and taken the more frequented thoroughfare known as the New Road—new lay back of the memory of the old inhabitant. These two, sister and brother, might both have been upward of fifty, nay, even sixty perhaps, for the air of Blatchford is wonderfully preservative of a green middle age.

"Peleg, was there! Did you see her?" exclaimed Miss Eliza, clasping her withered hands in thin black lace mitts, and speaking with a certain excitement mixed with timidity. She was a little apple-cheeked woman with sprightly features, which carried their own assurance of a past comeliness.

"Wasn't looking that way," answered Peleg, dryly. His face was soured and full of creases, and he struck his stick on the walk with unnecessary emphasis.

Thirty years before, Peleg Couch had

loved a young girl—loved her with the strength of a jealous and exclusive nature—loved her, and she had promised herself to him. This love seemed the one point through which his stern and unpliant heart came in touch with his mind. And when the girl suddenly deserted him and was joined to another, only a week before their banns should have been read, he had asked his one sister, Eliza, to become his companion and house-keeper—a life-long companion—and she had not refused. Eliza was a young blooming girl then; now she was a woman wrinkled and bowed with years; but she never had spoken of marrying or gaining his will. Side by side, summer and winter, they had planned and toiled, and their lives had become indissolubly welded together, each possessing the largest knowledge and interest in the other's concerns—Peleg being consulted as to the width of the valance that skirted the sofa, and Eliza expressing her view on the buying of stock. And now Peleg was called a warm man, a phrase which referred not to his temper, which, in truth, was subacid, nor yet to his heart, which we have already called stern, but to those substantial possessions which sometimes exert an influence more melting than either; by which same sign Eliza might equally have been called a warm woman, for the patrimony increased by a common sagacity had remained undivided.

In all these years, Peleg, the man of a caustic tongue, had never uttered reproach for the girl who was faithless to her vow; but him who had robbed him, the old neighbor, school-mate, and playfellow, he had hated with a long-life intensity. The girl was dead; now the lower and husband was dead; but their daughter was that Flora whom he left, with her chin in her hand, musing over her future by the side of the Back Road.

"Haven't you given up that notion yet?" inquired Peleg at last.

"Why, brother, I need some one to help me in the house," affirmed Miss Eliza, who had said the same thing twenty times in the last two days.

Peleg waited a moment, and then answered, slowly and gratingly, "I can't think what you want that girl for."

Poor Miss Eliza dashed, and put up her hand from a childish impulse of modesty. The years had passed over her softly, and left all her feelings as fresh and unguarded as a girl's. Then, trembling a little, and pinching her fingers together (for she was treading on dangerous ground, and even in this closest fraternal relationship there were barriers never passed), "Peleg," she said, "have you forgot who her mother was?"

"Yes," answered Peleg, harshly, the blood rushing to his face and head—"Yes, but I haven't forgot who her father was!"

Miss Eliza's features lighted up, and she went on more quickly, stimulated by the resistance of her brother's anger.

"Oh, Peleg, don't you know how fond you were of her once?—how you used to go out riding together—yes, along this very road? And one Sunday, I remember, you picked her a great bunch of those clove-scented pinks, and we three went down to the meeting-house—Parson Hoxson was preaching there then—and how she stood up in the choir in that sprigged dimity dress with the angel sleeves. Why, you thought then that there wasn't anybody like Flora."

Peleg was silent, feeling that his sister had crossed the threshold of a sacred place.

"You wouldn't want her daughter to be demeaning herself," pursued Miss Eliza, "going out as a servant to them as hasn't the bringing-up she has—spilling the shape of her hands with a house-maid's work?" (Miss Eliza's ideas of gentility were the fond antiquated ones), "And shaming her mother's name and the station she was born to. Why, Peleg, I wouldn't have thought of you."

"Yes, and it was her father that robbed me of that as was dearer than life, and I'll never forgive him—never!"

"And then it'd be such a help to have some one about," she went on, hastily, "now that we're both getting old, and can't see as we used to." (Poor Eliza, she did not tell him that hate was unchristian, it seemed so natural.) "Oh, Peleg, what's the use of saying and stinging yourself year after year, and no living thing to set store by? And who's to take care of those dresses of mother's upstairs, and keep the old pieces of plate together after we're gone? Why, you could do as you would with your own, but I'd like her to have my part in the property, Peleg."

Again Peleg was silent.

"Brother," said Eliza, her voice sinking to a low tone, for this was hardest of all—the hardest of all trials, perhaps, that he had known in all her safe, methodical life—"brother, she don't look like him; she looks just as her mother did."

"Does she?" exclaimed Peleg, shooting a startled glance from his steel gray eyes, and speaking with an odd mixture of anxiety and sullenness.

"Yes; and she'd be such a comfort to you; it'd be almost like having a girl of your own. And we haven't a chick nor a child to come into the property. Oh, Peleg, don't deny me! And she looks like her mother."

For the first time Peleg regarded her with close attention. In the man's nature a new string had been touched—a string never worn (it relaxed, though it had long ceased to give out music. She had called up that image on the day the young bridegroom once thought in those desolate nights and days of insupportable longing; and he seemed now to see re-embodied the girl he had loved. And other words of Eliza's had cut deep; he had told and accumulated so long with no other object than that old, old natural one of the human heart—to leave behind some visible sign and memorial that should justify this painful journey of life. But how little he had considered who should come after and disperse those hard won accumulations of his!

They were nearly home now, and the old-fashioned bluff and white homestead showed in agreeable mellowness through the Lombardy poplars and cypresses. The last half-mile had been traversed almost in silence, each soul absorbed in the circle of its own consciousness. Strange that those two twin worlds of memory should be colored by thoughts at once so like and so unlike! As they reached the high-posted gate, Peleg turned to his sister, and keeping his hand on the latch, said, abruptly, but not ungraciously:

"Have it just as you like, Eliza—have it

just as you like. You've been a good sister to me, and it would go hard with me to cross your will now. And you'd best sit down here and keep watch, for she'll soon be going by; and you'll tell her we'll do what's right by her."

So Miss Eliza sat down on the bench by the gate—a quaint figure in the striped lilac skirt of silk, the ample black silk mantle of antique cut, and the little black tunnel-shaped bonnet. There she sat tranquilly dreaming and awaiting the girl who was to bring back her youth, and to be as a daughter to her. She hardly noticed the bees in the honey-suckle now, or the fan-tailed pigeons impatiently strutting before her, for her thoughts were busy with that old love that still made a bright spot in her life, like the playing of a warm sunbeam. She was thinking of him who was buried and gone, the man who had served at the counter in his shame-stricken age, and trembled when customers came; but to her he was still the handsome, impulsive youth who had won her heart. And then she remembered Flora, and felt herself blessed that the love he had kindled was not suffered to go out in darkness.

The secret so long quietly treasured in her woman's breast was still her own; but some time when those two have grown near to each other, when they sit side by side turning over the family miniatures, or looking at the dusty brocade in the great old mahogany dresser, she will say, and so quietly that she hardly knows it is spoken, "My dear, I was very fond of your father once."

—Harper's Bazar.

What a Family Costs.

What does it cost to bring up a family? A gentleman whose experience will be recognized as having points in common with other householders, has preserved an account of the expense to which he has been in rearing a family of four children. To-day he entered the following statement in his diary. It may be a valuable statistical fact for the census takers:

"To-day I close my diary. Twenty-six years ago today I undertook to keep an accurate statement of all my earnings and expenses, so that I might know actually how much it costs to live in the married state. Then all was anticipation, and my young wife counted our resources and our expectations. I received \$15 a week, with a promise of more. I owned a house comfortable enough for frugal young people to begin life in. We were spared house rent, therefore, and our expenses have never included this item. Retrospectively, I see that we have brought up four children in comparatively easy circumstances. My health has been good and my earnings have been constantly received. I now receive \$30 a week, and we still own the homestead without any great addition to its wealth, except in an increased amount of furniture. I have little more money than I had when first married. Perhaps, all told, I have \$3,500 now of assets; then I had perhaps \$2,500. We have never wanted for bread. Sometimes we have felt in need of more money. Three of the children are now making their own way. Next year the fourth graduates at the high school, having received the same reboiling that the others have had, and will begin to look out for himself.

"I shall not necessarily be at any more expense on account of my children, and the diary properly ends now. Would I be willing to go through the same experience again of raising a family? I asked my companion, who had borne the greater part, this question, and I know that she spoke with a heart full of love, but was compelled to say: 'Not for all that money could you buy I would go through again what has been necessary to rear a family.'

"Expressed in dollars, the totals are these: In twenty-six years we have received from my wages and incidental moneys that came through my wife and the children, \$40,900—or say \$10,000—besides the amount of increase in the permanent assets. Given a plant of about \$3,000 and two employees, a man and wife, it has taken, therefore, about \$10,000 to each man produced. This, of course, includes all employees' expenses. The plant is slightly enhanced in value, but the employees have seen their best days. The quality of the goods is likely to be demonstrated. Prospects happily point to cessation of labor and increase of receipts, but there is no certainty about this. The employees are proud of their work, but don't want another job.

"Some of the items of expense have been these: Doctor's bills (twenty-seven years), \$2,100 (and all paid, probably the only instance on record); groceries, average per week first five years, \$7; next three, \$9; remainder of the twenty-six years, \$13 a week.

"For ten years it has taken on an average one year of shoes per week for the family, including myself and wife. The most annoying thing I have ever known is the rapidity with which children wear out shoes.

"Only one thing approaches it—the high price of children's shoes. I never could understand how, with all the civilization of the age, and the demand for cheaper results, children's shoes have not been reduced in price. The human shoe is a failure. No man rich can afford to buy shoes for a family, and if I had to do I would go to Timbuctoo, where neither horses, mules, camels nor men are shod."

Attractiveness of a Disagreeable Climate.

Charles Dudley Warner, in Harper: Why is it that the masses of the human race live in the most disagreeable climates to be found on the globe, subject to extremes of heat and cold, sudden and unprovoked changes, frosts, fog, malaria? In such regions they congregate, and seem to like the vicissitudes, to like the excitement of the struggle with the weather and the patent medicines to keep alive. They hate the agreeable monotony of a genial day following another the year through. They praise this monotony, all literature is full of it; people always say they are in search of the equable climate; but they continue to live, nevertheless, or try to live, in the least agreeable; and if they can find one spot more disagreeable than another they build a big city. If man could make his ideal climate he would probably be dissatisfied with it in a month. The effect of climate upon disposition and up on manners needs to be considered some day; but we are now only trying to understand the attractiveness of the disagreeable. There must be some reason for it; and that would explain a social phenomenon why there are so many unattractive people, and why the attractive residents of this magazine could not get on without them.

## INDIANS AS ARTIZANS.

Skill and Ingenuity Displayed by Intemperate Children of the Forest in Producing Baskets and Fancy Boxes from Grass and Bark.

The manufacture of fancy boxes and baskets and the polishing of pebbles, corals and stones has developed into two important industries in Northern Michigan, says a Peotockey (Mich.) correspondent of the Chicago Herald. The Indians are the chief workers in the basket industry and skilled lapidarians follow the other. Tourists who visit these regions during the summer season buy baskets and stones to take home as souvenirs, and while but little capital is invested in either branch of the business the aggregate sales amount to a surprisingly large figure.

Such an establishment must have everything that anybody can do with a possibility want, and much of the stuff it deals in lies on the shelves for years before the right customer comes along.

SHE MADE HIM NAUGHTY.

Made Him Think About Kissing Girls, and Then He Kissed Her.

They met by chance in the berry field, this bashful boy and laughing girl, says a writer in the New York Mercury. Her eyes were as black as the berries in her basket, and as brilliant as those of the willow cat clattering in the cane above her head. Her full, red, pouting lips seemed made expressly for kisses. The boy's basket was full, and he kindly volunteered to help the bewitching little maid fill hers. Often while plucking the melting fruit from some glorious clusters her curls brushed his cheeks, but still it always seemed to be purely accidental. The little maid, too, seemed anxious to work on the same clusters on which the boy was engaged, and her sweet, young face was often temptingly near his own, as from time to time she turned to address him. At last her lips pouted, her eyes flashed and she almost succeeded in coaxing her sweet brow to wrinkle indignantly. "Don't you think," said she, "that the other day, when I was out here all alone with a certain boy of my acquaintance, just as I can with you today, the naughty little fellow up and kissed me?"

"You caught me this way," and her lips nearly touched those of the boy by her side as she endeavored to show him how it had been done. For a moment it seemed as if he would have to be as naughty as that other boy, but his bashfulness saved him. Still pouting, the little maid then placed her dimpled hands upon his shoulders, and looking archly into his eyes, she said: "You are a dear good boy, and I will kiss you, and I will be naughty and treat me the way that that other boy did, would you?" Then the poor boy seemed to lose his head, and fifteen seconds later the little black-eyed maid was talking in this strain: "Oh, please let me go! You are smothering me with kisses, and I really believe that you are more naughty than that other boy, after all." Attached to this story there is no moral. It has been so from the beginning.

KEMMLER'S BURIAL.

Gruesome Midnight Scene in the Convict Grave-Yard at Auburn.

That portion of Fort Hill Cemetery in Auburn which faces the poorest and most desolate part of the city is known as the "convicts' burying ground," says the New York Sun. Nothing divides it from the costly vaults and towering headstones of marble that mark the space devoted to the righteous dead save a line of ragged, sickly grass that tells where the lawn-movers stop. The entrance to the God's Acre of the convict dead is on a side street, and is guarded by a pretty cottage in which lives a grave-digger and his wife.

The mystery attending the burial of William Kemmler was only second to the mystery surrounding the preparations for his death. It will be remembered that he was tortured to death by electricity early on the morning of August 6, and that a few hours later the knives of the surgeons were busy cutting the body to pieces. There was some doubt concerning the section of law relating to the burial of the body, and when the warden about the prison on the night following the execution saw no sign of any funeral it was generally believed that the body had been covered with quick-lime and buried beneath one of the flagstones of the prison yard. Late in the afternoon of the next day the grave-digger in charge of the convict burying ground received orders to have a grave ready for a body at ten o'clock that night. The grave was dug, and when ten o'clock came without bringing the expected body, the grave digger turned the light down low in the sitting-room of his cottage and went to sleep in his working clothes. His wife lay on a bed in front of a window keeping watch on the street, so that she might wake her husband when the body arrived.

Meantime men in charge of what was left of the dead murderer's body had placed it in an express wagon at 9:30 o'clock, and had driven out of the prison gate. There was a knot of men on the sidewalk who immediately showed signs of excitement when the wagon appeared. It was instantly decided that these men were reporters, and the driver of the wagon, in accordance evidently with the orders of Warden Durston to elude the newspaper men, drove around the block and then back into the prison yard. No other attempt was made to dispose of the body until eleven o'clock, when the express wagon again came rattling out, but again there were men on the sidewalk who seemed interested in its movements, and once again the wagon was driven back into the yard, and the big gates closed on it.

No other effort was made to bury the body until midnight, when the wagon came dashing out as though the driver was bound to get rid of his burden at all hazards. He drove rapidly up the street, the wagon swaying to and fro and rattling horribly. The grave digger led the way into the gloomy cemetery by the dim light of a lantern. Arriving at the grave he set the lantern at one end of it, and seizing the remains of the murderer pulled them out of the wagon. It didn't take long to fill up the grave, for the only object to accomplish was to get the body out of sight and stamp the dirt on it.

The Crown Prince of Italy is a devoted lover of his beautiful and clever mother. When he is absent from her, he sends two long telegrams to her each day besides writing her a letter. Like the Queen the Prince speaks and writes fluently French, English and German.

shelves full of calicoes, crockery, brass ware, tin ware, twine for making seines, lamp-shades and chimney glass ware, canvas for sails, lamps, coffee grinders, carpenter's tools, molasses, vinegar and liquors, padlocks, popcorn, boxes of roasted peanuts, paints and oils, toothpicks and ice skates. Around on the other side were patent medicines, chewing tobacco, cigars, powder and shot, wash-tubs and boards, soap, bluing, school crayons, slates and books. All sorts of canned goods, preserves and pickles were in stock; also sauces, confectionery, clocks, castor oil, honey, cough drops, mustard plasters, porous plasters, glue, nails, rope and pills. There was even a supply of ready-made clothing, likewise salt meats and rat poison.

This will give a slight notion of the stock of a typical country grocery. Such an establishment must have everything that anybody can do with a possibility want, and much of the stuff it deals in lies on the shelves for years before the right customer comes along.

A NEBRASKA HEROINE.

How a Woman with Nerve Governed a Western Community.

"Talk about little women," said the man on the cracker box, who was entertaining the insurance agent and a tree traveler, "there ain't nothin' under the sun a little woman can't do if she sets out low. She just takes hold and does by stratagem what a big woman does by main strength and awkwardness. Ain't it so, Sleepy Sam?"

The reservation Indian designated grunted "ugh!" although he did not understand a word that was said, writes Mrs. M. L. Rayne, the recorder of this anecdote, in the Detroit Free Press.

"It minds me of a incident which happened when I was here. Omaha 'press agent at this place. Omaha ain't much more than a village, and its main curiosity was a floatin' bridge in them days. There was a valise come in by 'press with no kind of direction on it. Now I'd just had a queer 'perience with a trunk that got left here, no name or nothin', but a young woman come in for it, an' I sed, sez I, 'Identify it, my dear; if it is yours, while I open it.' 'Well, I will,' says she; 'there's a dozen eggs in 'em takin' to my aunt's a dozen omelet.'

"'Take it, my dear,' says I; 'it's yours, an' your aunt's omelet is made, but I guess the rest of your things ain't improved any.'

"'Gentlemen, when I hefted the valise it was as heavy as lead.'

"'Dynamite!' suggested the traveler, gently.

"'Bricks?' inquired the insurance man.

"'Way off. I felt it incumber me as a Government officer to open the valise and find out what was in it, and I was getting ready to hunt a key, when right then in walked two women, one of them was the Widow Snell, a poor washed-out, and weeping woman, that always aggravated me to death a snifflin' over her dear departed Jim, the meanest and most cantankerous human this side of the Rockies. The other was a little mite of a dandified woman. I could hev' lifted her with one hand, an' her head was hardly above the counter.

"'Cap'n,' says she—yes, I fit in the war—'Cap'n,' is there a valise here for me?' 'Ain't that no valise here, ma'am, an' that ain't for you,' says I.

"'How do you know?' says she, as pert as you please. 'I'll thank you to let me see it.'

"'I lifted it up and banged it on the counter.'

"'Be careful,' says she, 'it might go off; then she took a key off a ribbon at her neck and handed it to me.

"'Unlock it,' says she.

"'The way she ordered me round made my head swim. Sure enough, the key unlocked it slick as a whistle.

"'You'll please tell me what's in this here valise, ma'am,' says I, in my official voice.

"'Oh yes,' says she, gettin' up on tip-toe, 'there's a navy revolver, an' a seven-shooter, and an English bulldog that only holds one bullet, but shoots to kill and—'

"'There they are, ma'am, an' they're yours,' says I; 'I don't dispute your word in the least and will be much obliged if you'll just take the hull arsenal off my hands.'

"She stuck the revolver in her belt and carried the bulldog in her hand.

"'Come, Alice,' says she, 'we'll go home now,' and she walked on, and walked out past all them reserve Injuns without a look at 'em, the widow following as meek as Moses.'

"'What was she doing here?' asked the insurance man.

"'Gentlemen, she was a visitin' her cousin, that poor, sighin', 'rkin' widow. It was the year that the Bad Axe Injuns was sent up here to our reservation to make life a burden to us, till that little woman come up here loaded with bpear. That cousin of hers didn't have gunpowder enough to keep them from stealing the roof from over her head. An' one night gentlemen, the little woman heard a step outside her window, and saw an Injun taking off the widow's best horse, an' she jest opens the door and steps out, an' says she, 'Stop in your tracks or you're a dead Injun,' and she held the cold muzzle of the pistol to his head. He didn't wait for no parleyin', but just evaporated to omelet.

"The Injuns liked her mighty for her pluck, an' one day as she sat on the fence drawin' pictures of the bluffs, an' the teepees, along rid an Injun and stopped to admire her. He didn't have much on but a blanket, an' was dirty and sassy, an' he fanned himself with a turkey-tail fan. Says he:

"'Got man?'

"'Yes—Chicago—git,' says she. She kinder played with the shooter in her left an' he got, an' I reckon that was the shortest courtship on record.

"That little woman stayed there till she coaxed the widow to swap the farm for town lots, and sell off all the stuff, and put the money in the bank and she made her stop 'ryin' an' snifflin' over that pesky Jim Snell, an' brace up an' be somebody. When she got things a boom in and the Injuns tamed down into decent men... of sassiness she packed up her firearms and went home to Chicago an' then the funniest thing of all came out for the widow told on her. There weren't one of them firearms loaded. She had just bulldozed the hull lot of us with empty revolvers. Fact, gentlemen: have some pop? The law forbids any thing stronger."

When everybody had popped the tree traveler asked carelessly:

"'What became of the widow?'

"'Married her myself,' said the man on the cracker-box, rising slowly; 'anybody got any thing to say in favor or against?'

Nobody had.

One of Burdette's Jokes.

"It is told concerning R. J. Burdette that he once received a letter enthusiastically praising him as the writer of the verses beginning "Out on the borders of moonshine land." He wrote three or four pages of grateful acknowledgment, flattering the taste of his correspondent, and saying that he always thought himself that those were verses of his. He signed his name, then good verses were added:

"P. S.—I didn't write those verses. They were written by my friend, James Whitcomb Riley."

Removal of Grease Spots.

Grease spots, if old, may be removed from books by applying a solution of varying strength of caustic potash upon the back of the leaf. The printing, which looks somewhat faded after the removal of the spot, may be refreshed by the application of a mixture of one part of muriatic acid and twenty-five parts of water.

Oct. 25, 1890.

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## BABYHOOD.

I never see a baby's eyes,  
Scintillating bright,  
I never hear the cooing voice,  
Full of a sweet delight,  
But thoughts will come of future years  
Of sorrows, blots and joys,  
For every life, however bright,  
Has something of alloy.

I never hear a baby's cry,  
Of either fear or pain,  
And hear the joyful, rippling laugh  
That follows quick again,  
But thoughts will come of bitter tears  
On some far distant day,  
And of the laugh that then will strive  
To hide the grief away.

The clasping hands and toddling feet,  
How eager to begin  
The race of life, nor know, nor think  
How much to lose or win.  
Oh, baby smiles! oh, baby wiles!  
Oh, happy baby play!  
You are to hungry, care-worn souls  
What sunshine is to day.

—Jennie K. Lyall, in Ladies' Home Journal.

## SEEN IN PRINT.

Curiously Arranged Advertisements  
That Attract Attention.

Many of These Quaint Bits Found in England—Some of the Earliest Advertisements of Which There is Any Record Kept.

The first English advertisement of which we have any knowledge appeared in the *Mercurius Civicus*, of London, in the year 1634, in which that of a book on the Power of Parliament; but one of a somewhat more modern character is found in the *Impartial Intelligencer*, of the same city, in 1649, inserted by a country gentleman from whom two horses had been stolen. The earliest advertisement in New England is believed to have been that of one John Campbell, printed in the Boston News-Letter in 1704; and, curiously enough, this was an advertisement for advertisements "at prices as low as twelve pence." It appears, however, that even at this rate very few were to be obtained.

In 1851 a weekly paper entitled the *Public Advertiser* was issued in London, which consisted almost wholly of advertisements, principally concerning the arrivals and departures of vessels and the names of books recently issued from the press. Other papers soon began to insert various kinds of advertisements, some of which were exceedingly curious. Many of the notices at this period related to runaway apprentices, fairs and cock-fights, burglaries and highway robberies, stolen horses, and lost dogs, swords and scent bottles. At this time England swarmed with negro or mulatto boys, who were frequently offered for sale by means of advertisements. In 1852 one John Houghton, F. R. S., who combined the business of apothecary with that of a dealer in tea, coffee and chocolate, commenced a paper which at first failed, but revived in 1852; and by his untiring perseverance and incessant thought and study he is credited with having educated his contemporaries into a true knowledge of the use and art of successful advertising. His example, in some respects, might well be followed at the present time, for when quick advertisements found their way into his paper he placed a turned robe above them with the following rather broad hint: "Tray mind the preface to this halcyon. Like lawyers, I take all cases. I may fairly. Who likes not stop here."

At this period advertising was fast becoming a science, and by the end of the eighteenth century matters were very much as we find them now, although lacking entirely the genius shown in such as those of the noted Philadelphia firm, said to be written by a talented newspaper man and former editor, whose salary for this work alone would astonish advertisers of even a generation ago.

Most of the advertisements of a curious or amusing nature owe their singularity either to the eccentricity of their composers or to carelessness on the part of some overworked compositor or proof-reader. Of the first of these classes many bona fide examples might be given, such as the one which appeared some time ago in a Pennsylvania paper, evidently written by a clergyman anxious to earn an honest penny outside of his probable slender salary:

Cupid and Hymen. The little brown cottage at Cambridge, Pa. The place, all to have the marriage knot promptly and strongly tied. Inquire of Rev. S. Whitcomb.

A Georgia justice of the peace, however, goes the minister one better, by the closing sentence in the following announcement from the *Rome (Ga.) Tribune*:

WANTED—A couple who wish to marry to call on Justice Walter Harris, in his new office over Bass & Hill's real estate office. He has received his commission and is ready to perform marriage ceremonies at a very low rate.

In some respects the English press may be said to surpass the American in peculiarities of advertising. Here is an ingenious specimen extracted from a recent number of a religious journal, upon which comment is perhaps unnecessary:

"A pious young man desires to be received into a respectable family, where the excellence of his example and superior morality might be considered as an equivalent for board and lodging."

The following advertisement appeared in a recent number of the *London Tablet*:

To Parents: Unruly boys and girls of any age visited and punished at their homes by a thorough disciplinarian accustomed to administer corporal punishment. All bad habits cured by one or two attendances. Fee, five shillings for two visits. Address "Birch."

The Cleveland (Eng.) Mercury says: "A really plain but experienced and efficient governess for three girls, oldest sixteen; music, French and German required; brilliancy of conversation, fascination of manner and perfect long object to, and the father is much at home and there are grown-up sons. Address Mater, post-office, Cleveland."

The most whimsical advertisement, however, which we have recently seen is this, in which a notice of condolence is sought by the penance of publication. It appeared in a Bristol paper:

Lady traveled with gentleman. Birmingham to Bristol, February 15, 1889 (Friday afternoon). Lady took an untruth. She regrets it most deeply. She is sorry.

While referring to foreign advertisements the following odd announcement, which appeared in the *Cologne* as one who is waiting and waited for? Frank Buckland, it is said, shortly before his death remarked: "I am going on a long journey to a strange country and shall see many strange animals by the way," and, whether this be well founded or not, it is certainly characteristic of the great naturalist. A future without God's lesser and lovely creation was impossible to such a lover of nature. Mozart died singing the alto part of his "Requiem," while friends

## TURNED TO STONE.

The people in the eastern portion of Claiborne County, Tenn., are excited over a remarkable occurrence which took place there not long ago. It is one of the most marvelous occurrences ever heard of, and it will prove to be a problem over which scientific minds may wrestle for some time to come.

Edgar Ramsey is a farmer who lives five miles from Lick Skillet. He arrived in Middleboro recently. The story he told would not find believers at first, but since then it has been proven that he has told nothing but the truth. His statement is thus reported by a correspondent of the *St. Louis Globe-Democrat*:

"Last Sunday afternoon I noticed what appeared to be a large green cloud coming from a westerly direction toward my house. It was a long distance off, and the rain was falling heavily. Shortly afterward it became very cold, in fact so cold that I went indoors, lit a big fire and put on a big heavy coat. When I came out again the big green cloud was as cold as on a winter day. The wind howled and the hail fell in stones as big as eggs. All this lasted twenty minutes, and then the sky cleared up and I felt more like myself again.

"An hour after I was sitting with my wife near the fire when I heard a horse galloping at full speed, and when I went out to see who it was there stood a man, a neighbor farmer who lives about a mile and a quarter from me. He was as pale as a ghost and was trembling all over. It took him over ten minutes to commence to tell me what he had to say, and as he was talking I thought he was crazy.

"He stated that a big green cloud had come over his place, and that something which looked like balls of fire had fallen all around his house. He and five acres of corn growing in a field next to the house. After the storm had cleared away he went to see what damage had been done. He saw that some corn had been blown down, and, entering the field, he found every stalk turned to stone. There were two fine hogs in the field, and they, too, were petrified and standing there as if cut out of solid rock.

Myself and wife thought the man was raving mad, but induced him to remain over till morning, when we promised to visit his place with him. That we did, and what we saw will be remembered so long as both live. There was the corn blown down, but every stalk of it was petrified. It was not as hard as granite, but it appeared to be more like soft stone. I took my knife and cut it, and it became powder. The ears were very hard, and they could not be broken with the hand. The leaves were brittle, and if you struck them they would break like glass. The hogs were there, too, looking natural enough, but they were as hard as stone."

George E. Henry, of this city, John Rogers, Captain John R. Hull, ex-deputy marshal, and several others rode over the mountains in the afternoon to see for themselves if the things were really there as represented. Captain Hull, ex-United States deputy marshal, makes the following statement:

"We went over this morning. I doubted the story on starting, but thought I'd try it, anyhow. We found Warren's farm about seven miles from the Gap, and we found the petrified corn-field completely petrified. The stalks were somewhat blown down, but they seemed completely turned to stone. The two hogs were there also, and they looked like they were carved out of rock. It was the strangest sight I ever saw and I can't begin to describe the thing. There were a number of men going over the field with Winchester rifles and they wouldn't let us go into it. They only let us go to the fence. We could touch some of the corn stalks and could see the hogs, but the men refused positively to let us go any further than the fence. The women wouldn't say why they would not let people go into the field, but I presume they were afraid people would break the corn stalks to pieces. There was quite a crowd there looking at the thing, and every one was thoroughly dumfounded with what they saw."

This statement is vouched for by a number of others, and naturally there is considerable excitement.

## LEARNED TO WALK.

A Fish Becomes Used to Living on Land and Finally Is Drowned.

Henrik Dahl, of Aalesund, Norway, was a reader and follower of Darwin.

Wishing to apply his theory of the limit of adaptability of a species to its environment, he procured a herring from a fisherman and carried it home in a tub of sea water. He renewed the water daily for some time, and gradually reduced the quantity, with so little inconvenience to the herring that he concluded that the fish might, in time, learn to breathe air undiluted with water, like the cat and the man.

It turned out as he expected, and the water was finally turned out of the tub of the herring, never to be replaced even for bathing. Henrik next removed the fish from its tub and placed it on the ground, where it flopped about very awkwardly at first, but soon learned to move freely and rapidly.

In a little while the herring was able to follow its master without difficulty, and then it became his constant companion about the streets of the city. On a certain unfortunate day Henrik had occasion to cross a dilapidated bridge which spanned an arm of the harbor.

The herring coming gracefully along, heedless of danger, now and again springing at the ephemeris, for which it had acquired an especial fondness, missed his footing, slipped through a crack into the water beneath and was drowned, says *Forest and Stream*.

## The Care of Books.

Books placed in a library should be thoroughly dusted two or three times a year, not only to keep them in all their freshness, but also to prevent any development of insects and to examine for signs of dampness. The interior of a book also should be carefully examined and neglected very often. After having taken a book from the shelves it should not be opened before ascertaining that the top edge is not covered with dust. If it is a book that has had the edge cut, it should be dusted with a soft duster or the dust simply blown off. If it is a book with uncut edges, it should be brushed with rather a hard brush. By this method in opening the volume one need not be afraid that the dust will enter between the leaves and soil them.—*Stationer and Printer*.

## PECULIAR INFATUATION.

Different Methods of following the Infatuation "Love One Another."

Do men ever fall in love with each other? Women do. Not long ago a young woman in New Jersey was married to a youthful laborer on her father's farm. Some time afterward it was discovered that the husband was a female; the young wife refused, however, though earnestly entreated by her friends, to give up her chosen escort. The strangest part of the discovery was the fact that the bride knew her husband was a woman before she was led to the altar.

If men do not exhibit this strange infatuation for one of their own sex, they at least sometimes give evidence of the fact that they love one another. There are many instances on record where one man has given his life for another. There are many more instances where men have given life to another.

It is a proud possession—the knowledge that one has saved a precious human life. Meriden, Conn., is the home of such a happy man. John H. Preston, of that city, July 11th, 1890, writes: "Five years ago I was taken very sick. I had several of the best doctors, and all called it a complication of diseases. I was sick four years, taking prescriptions prescribed by these same doctors, and I truthfully state I never expected to get any better. At this time I commenced to have the most terrible pains in my back. One day an old friend of mine, Mr. R. T. Cook, of the firm of Curtis & Cook, advised me to try Warner's Safe Cure, as he had been troubled the same way and it had effected a cure for him. I bought six bottles, took the medicine as directed and to-day a well man. I am sure no one ever had a worse case of kidney and liver trouble than I had. Before this I was always against proprietary medicines but now, oh, no."

Friendship expresses itself in very peculiar ways sometimes; but the true friend is the friend in need.

## VARIETIES.

DOKINS—What's the matter with sister Nellie? She looks so queer.

Mamma (in a disgusted way)—Oh, she's in love again. This is the third time, and she's got it bad.

Dokins—Why don't you have her vaccinated so she can't catch it?

TOTAL ABSTINENCE—Temperance Missionary—And does your husband drink liquor?

Mrs. O'Toole—Bless y' soul! He hasn't touched a drop for three years.

T. M.—That's a good thing for you.

Mrs. O'Toole—A good thing is it? An' me as has been a widder ever since that day, an' wid five children to support?

CITY VS. COUNTRY—Cousin Jessie (of Grassville)—How I do wish we had such lovely lights in our little village!

Cousin Jack—It would be an improvement! Cousin Jessie (noting the letter-box on the lamp-post)—And how nice, just to drop a lamp in the slot of the little box and have the gas burn all night!

Old Lady (at Tampa Bay)—My daughters would go sailing. Can you swim?

Yaech Skipper—No, mum.

Old Lady—My dear! What would you do if anything should happen?

Yaech Skipper—Hush, mum, wen the man does the sailing can't swim, he's mighty keeful not to let anything happen.

It is told of an American millionaire who bought a castle on the Rhine that one cold day his daughter found him warming his hands at a fire when he had kindled in a suit of plate armor. "O papa, what have you been doing?" she cried. "The fellow that patented that stove," replied the lord of the castle, "must have been crazy; but I've made the old thing heat up at last."

FADDER, vat was all dis in de bapers about marriage vat a failure? GO VAY, Isaac! You vas too young outlery to get married. I vas a beeg boy now, and I want to get posted." "Vell, and vat vas I must del you?" "Vas marriage trooly a failure, fadder?" "Vell, I del you," said the father, impressively. "If you marry a real, real rich woman, marriage vas sometimes as good vas a failure."

SOMEBODY WAS SURPRISED—FUGHERMAN—Now, there's your husband coming, Mrs. Cander. Let us make a little surprise for him. Mrs. Fanniman and I will hide behind the curtain here, and you tell him that your expected guests haven't come. Then we'll step out and surprise him.

Mrs. Cander (obeying orders)—Well, John, our expected guests have disappointed us. Mr. and Mrs. Fanniman haven't come.

Mrs. Cander (heartily)—I'm glad of it.

EVEN the most intelligent women sometimes have, hazy ideas, in regard to political matters, but after all, the same thing might be said in a more dignified manner. The other day a lady of high social position in this city, who is well known to be a devoted Christian, was talking with a gentleman about the need of reform in the politics of New York city. "And what is your idea of the reform?" asked the gentleman, playfully, in the course of the conversation. "Oh, it is simple," she replied, in entire good faith, without the least idea that she was saying anything at all out of the way. "It is to get a lot of money, and defeat the bad men who buy votes for themselves by buying votes for some good men. There, now, you see how clearly I understand the situation, and yet my husband is always telling me that my mind is a chaos on the subject."

JAMES GORDON BENNETT has a way of dropping in to examine the *Herald* at the most unexpected times, and as his visits often result in a general "shake-up" and reorganization of the paper's managerial, editorial and working forces, they are waited with fear and trembling by his employees. On one of these occasions one of the pressmen, a man who had worked for the elder Bennett, and was an excellent workman, though guilty of an occasional lapse from sobriety, had a bad black eye, and was in a quandary as to what excuse he should offer if Bennett noticed it. Acting on a sudden inspiration he seized an ink-bottle and rubbed a dab of ink on the side of his face, completely concealing the discoloration of the skin. Presently Mr. Bennett came into the press-room, and with the superintendent, John Hays, went carefully through, criticizing every detail, and looking sharply at each employee. When about to leave, he turned suddenly, and pointing at the discolored pressman, said: "Mr. Hays, what is that man's name?" The culprit

quaked in his shoes until Mr. Bennett said, slowly: "I want you to give that man \$3 per week more wages. He is the only man in the room that looks as if he had been working."

"Those persons in this city, writes a paragraph of the *N. Y. Evening Sun*, 'who have had the good fortune to meet the vivacious Rosina Vokes recall along with the vivid impression that the actress made, the no less vivid impression that she was sure to be left in the minds of those who saw her maid."

This maid, who is especially endowed by her mistress, has not been liberally endowed by her Creator with those attributes that go to make up the sum of personal beauty, in fact, is that next best thing to being beautiful—being gloriously ugly. A friend relates now, during her recent tour in this country, while the actress was performing in Chicago, she found herself in need of some article from the chemist across the way. It was late at night, after her return from the theatre. Hannah, the faithful maid, was asked to go and buy it. But Hannah urged mildly that it was late and she feared to go into the street alone lest some man might annoy her. "It will be your own fault if they do," said Rosina, who was tired and cross.

"Indeed, ma'am," expostulated Hannah, "nobody can say that I do not behave myself properly in the street. I always keep my veil down, ma'am."

"Precisely," said Rosina. "But for goodness sake, Hannah, if you want to protect yourself, keep it up, keep it up."

A CORRESPONDENT of the *Cincinnati Times-Star* writing from England, says: "Then an American tourist, the genuine article, unfortunately, will occasionally fall into the hands of a great longing to get up and publicly apologize for him. For instance, the other day I took dinner at the ancient Cheshire cheese tavern, in Wine Office court, where Dr. Johnson and his friends resorted. A century has left it unchanged. There are the stalls, the white sand floor, the big tankards of ale, the paneled ceiling and the low, oak wainscot of walls. Dr. Johnson's picture by Joshua Reynolds hangs above the favorite seat of the great lexicographer, but otherwise it is as if it were when Dr. Johnson was introduced there to Oliver Goldsmith. The doctor was dressed with unusual care and almost foppish precision as a practical rebuke to Goldsmith, whom he had heard justified his own untidiness by citing Dr. Johnson's bad example. While I was eating, with the shades of the great departed of that merry company of old time as my guests, in came a party of Americans. There was one who talked so loud as to drive everybody else into the only refuge that was left—silence and drink."

"It was here," he said, pointing to Dr. Johnson, "that Dr. Johnson used to come and drink. Let's see, did he drink beer or tea. It was one or the other. He was the man who wrote 'The Deserted Village.' Great poet that. I've read it lots of times."

What a blessing that the number of Americans of that class who are loose in England and Europe is comparatively few.

## Chaff.

If time were no farther from Detroit street, this fine autumn weather would last a year.

The poor music composer is like the man without credit. He can't get anyone to take his notes.

The Milwaukee school-books state the natural elements of the earth to be earth, air, fire and beer.

"Yes, sir, I got in on the ground floor on the Palmetto. You won't have to wait so far to fall when the bottom drops out."

Mrs. Jason—When they tie up a railroad they don't actually use a rope, do they?

Mrs. Jason—No; it is generally done with a string of relations.

"And so Jumpson read his poem to you yesterday? How did you endure it?" "I just fixed my glass eye on him, and went to sleep with the other."

When men are as good as their obituaries and women are as good as the men think they are, the recording angel in Heaven can take a long-needed vacation.

—Keep a saloon, don't keep a saloon!

Wibble—There goes a man that makes his living off other people's bad habits. Wabble when he sees, the recording angel in Heaven can take a long-needed vacation.

A famous artist once painted an angel with six toes. "Whoever saw an angel with six toes?" people inquired. "Who ever saw one with less?" was the cooler question.

Foreign Visitor (standing at New York, 1893)—Yes, sir. Go five squares north, then turn to the left and go a thousand miles west.

Easter—See that child that Tulare Lake, in California has increased miles in length and width this year. Californian—Shouldn't wonder. California is growing right along.

Musical Lady—Wouldn't you like to be able to sing and play, my little mate? Johnny—Yes, I would, but I don't have to say such mean things about me as they do about you.

Mistress (finding a man in the kitchen)—When I engaged you, Kate, you said that you had no beer. Kate—Yes, mam, that is true; but this young man is not my beau, he only wants to be.

Mamma—Why, Susie, you offered your candy to everybody but little brother. Why didn't you hand it to him? Susie (with innocent candor)—Because, mamma, little brother always takes it.

Small Boy—Papa, which way does the Chicago river run? Papa (who is always glad to elude the youthful thirst for knowledge)—It doesn't run at all, my child. It is so thick it can hardly walk.

Jawkins—How's Hennepeck getting along since his marriage? He used to vow that no woman could ever get ahead of him. Hag—Oh, he's still in the lead, I suppose; but she is behind—holding the reins.

Explanation—"You don't know what a phenomenon is? Why, a cow is no phenomenon and an apple-tree is not a phenomenon either, but if the cow should climb the apple-tree that would be a phenomenon."

St. Peter—Enter. Why do you hesitate? New Spirit—I don't see any usher. St. Peter—We have no ushers here. Sit where you please. Now Spirit—Dear me! How different Heaven is from a church!

An exchange says that the ocean of success is by the four C's—cash, confidence, cheerfulness and constancy. But a waggish reader remarked that he thought "check, chance, coincidence and cunning" fitted the bill better.

First Student—Augustus Caesar, I discover in my readings about his personal attendant, a keeper of overcoats. Second Student (silly, as he remembers that his own is in pawn)—They had pawnbrokers in those days, then?

Two young men in Moberly, Mo., went to a fortune teller to learn what their fate would be if they proposed. Their sweethearts heard of it and refused to have anything more to do with men who had no nerve enough to go to headquarters for information.

City Boarder—Here, you advertise one thing in your paper, and I've fished there eight hours and haven't caught a thing. Thrifty Farmer—Well, now, the fishing in this 'ere pond ought to be fine. There ain't nothing been ketches out of it for five years.

Wouldn't do.—Committeeman—(to public school teacher)—We were thinking of putting a nice motto over your desk to encourage the children. How would "Knowledge is wealth" do? School Teacher—That wouldn't do. The children know how small my salary is.

Another great American institution in England seems to be American beef. If you happen to get a juicy one steak your Englishman says, "that's the real British beef." But if you get a tough, low-grade piece he grows out something about "this damnable American beef."

## A Great Event

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Below we show three styles of watches which we offer to readers of the *Farmers* only, at less than wholesale prices. The watches are manufactured by the Manhattan Watch Co., of New York City, and we will guarantee them to be precisely as represented. The Company guarantee to keep the watches in repair for one year free. They are shipped direct from the factory by mail, prepaid. Now read the following offers:

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For several months I was troubled with scrofulous eruptions over the whole body. My appetite was bad, and my system was prostrated that I was unable to work. After trying several remedies in vain, I resolved to take Ayer's Sarsaparilla, and it did so with such good effect that less than one bottle

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and strength. The rapidity of the cure astonished me, as I expected the process to be long and tedious. I am now well, and my system is restored. I am now well, and my system is restored. I am now well, and my system is restored.

## Ayer's Sarsaparilla

DR. J. C. AYER & CO., Lowell, Mass. Sold by Druggists, \$1.00 per bottle. Worth \$5.00 bottle.

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## FOR \$16.00

we will send you a gentleman's hunting case gold-filled watch, handsomely engraved back and front, guaranteed to wear 15 years, with Elgin movement, and the *Farmers* one year. The cut below is a fine sample of this watch, and it is as handsome and reliable a time-keeper as though it cost four times the money. No such watch can be purchased from a jeweler for less than three times the price asked.

## FOR THE LADIES.

